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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH *by* ANTHONY L. LEHMAN

BOOK REVIEWS

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The Book Club of California Quarterly News-Letter

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

by *Anthony L. Lehman*★

FOR seven years the full page, back-to-school advertisements in the newspapers had heralded my own return to the classroom from a quiet summer ordinarily spent in random reading, cursory research, and painful encounters with pen and paper as I dabbled in the role of part-time, amateur, local historian. But the fall of 1968 was going to be different. I was on my first sabbatical leave, somewhat confused as to how to spend it, but grateful for a surcease from the five day a week pedagogical encounter with hordes of high school students motivated, more often than not, by feelings of either hostility or indifference. I was glad to sit this year out.

The sabbatical also meant that I could attend my first Western History Association conference, an annual event scheduled this time for Tucson in October at the Pioneer International Hotel. In the past, academic obligations had always precluded my going.

After filling out the registration form one evening, and while walking it down to the mailbox along with a separate request for

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accomodations, I happened to recall that Joseph Wood Krutch was then living in retirement at Tucson. I had admired for many years this distinguished man's work as essayist, critic, biographer and naturalist, and had gradually—though quite unintentionally—developed a modest collection of some thirteen titles, the first of which to land on my shelves having been a scuffed and heavily pencil-annotated copy of his *Samuel Johnson* garnered for fifteen cents (the price marked in red crayola) from the usually trivia-laden second-hand shelves of the nearby Goodwill store.

Thinking of the opportunity to meet this man personally and at the same time to have him inscribe his books for me, I pulled my customary ruse with the telephone company by asking the long distance operator at Tucson information for Krutch's number and then, in my most matter-of-fact but business-like baritone specially mustered for the occasion, also requesting the address, "for my records," whatever they were. It worked again, though my soft-spoken wife has yet to pull off this same gambit despite several tries. At any rate, armed with the address I wrote.

A week later Joseph Wood Krutch replied, saying he would indeed be in town during the dates of the conference, cautioning about the need to phone before driving out to his home, and graciously indicating he would be glad to see me and flattered to autograph the copies of his books. Before ever leaving Claremont for Arizona, I intuitively sensed that this lone, out of the way meeting would prove more memorable and worthwhile than the ostensible motive for the trip in the first place. And I was right.

Around the middle of October, a few days before the first conference sessions were to begin, my family and I headed for Tucson by automobile, noting all the way the altered landscape. In Guasti and Cucamonga, for instance, where once thriving vineyards had been snaked from their sandy but abundantly yielding soil, or else left neglected, running to cane, waiting for other grotesque monuments of progress like the Big "O," the Ontario Motor Speedway.

Past Colton's Slover Mountain, gnawed so vigorously and so long for its famed cement that it would soon lie flush with the ground. To Redlands with its remnant orange groves relieving and greening the countryside. Then over gusty San Gorgonio Pass, out through the Coachella and Imperial Valleys, and across the miles of sand dunes scarred relentlessly by the tires of careening dune buggies. Until at last, Yuma, and the slow, silt-laden Colorado, choked in the grip of its many upstream dams.

After an overnight stay in one of Yuma's motels, and a fitful sleep occasioned by an ancient air-conditioner's manful but raucous struggle to temper the prevailing late fall humidity, we continued east on Highway 80 toward the Gila Mountains, sharply outlined and colored gorgeous shades of pink, ochre, and burnt umber by the dramatic play of light and shadow from the early morning sun. Slicing through Telegraph Pass at high speed on a recently widened stretch of road, we descended into the verdant Gila River Valley and the tiny farming communities of Wellton, Tacna, Mohawk, and Aztec.

By the time we reached Gila Bend my two young daughters were starving and insistent on eating at once, choosing—despite parental protests—a garishly modern roadside coffee shop that stressed in its decor a space age motif, complete with a large white rocket poised menacingly skyward on its rooftop next to the grease vent.

From Gila Bend on, it was Krutch country—real desert—stretching uninterrupted, arid, and lonely for miles, dotted with frosty-looking cholla, graceful wands of ocotillo, and the giant saguaro—a symbol for all that is Arizona.

It was still early in the afternoon when we finally pulled off the freeway and located the Pioneer International in the midst of Tucson's downtown business section. Inside the hotel, the lobby was already crowded with history buffs and historians, some seeking their rooms at the main desk, some registering for the conference events, others simply engaged in animated conversation

with friends or fellow scholars. My eye, in particular, was caught by the imposing, bearded figure of Arthur Woodward headed, apparently, for the bar. I also noticed the wiry and dark-skinned Southwestern artist Ted deGrazia, who seemed a gentle and ethereal man. But the most prominently displayed of all was the colorful John Alexander Carroll, flamboyantly arrayed in a creamy-white Southern planter's suit, stetson, cowboy boots, and black aromatic cigar.

Our room was on the eighth floor. As the children argued in the bathroom over who would go first getting a glass of water out of the tap—a kind of ritual christening of our new quarters—and as my wife busied herself unpacking our luggage, I walked over to the window, raised the venetian blinds, and looked out over the town.

In the distance the speeding cars indicated the freeway we had left not long ago, running north back to Casa Grande, south to Benson. Beyond, a line of cottonwoods and mesquite traced the sandy bed of the Santa Cruz River, an even older, more hallowed route of travel. Directly below our window, meanwhile, and across the street from the hotel, two or three long strings of chile peppers were festooned to dry in a most unlikely spot—the roof of a modern department store. I had no idea who was responsible for this quaint and amusing touch, but I relished the notion of someone, perhaps a salesclerk with an insatiable passion for fiery bowls of steaming *chile Colorado*, coming topside every day during his coffee break to trace the progress of his beloved ingredient.

It was really another individual, however, who had been on my mind all along, so I turned impatiently from the window, searched in my pocket for the scrap of paper containing the telephone number, rang up the desk, and placed the call. And thus, hardly more than half an hour after arriving in Tucson, I was back in my car again with two attache cases full of books, on the way to see Joseph Wood Krutch.

It was pleasant to be driving alone at last, without the three ring circus of two live-wire young children in the back seat. Krutch's

address was on East Grant Road, a surprisingly long way out of town according to the service station map on the seat beside me. But then I remembered, of course, that this man had come to the vicinity of Tucson some years ago with the express desire to live close to the unspoiled desert, whose unique flora and fauna he continued to love and celebrate in what was, for me, some of the best nature writing ever produced, in America or elsewhere. Books such as *The Desert Year*, *The Voice of the Desert*, *The Grand Canyon*, and *The Forgotten Peninsula*—memorable works which had created in me a lasting curiosity about the natural world and a sense of its diversity, wonder, and beauty. Most important of all, however, I owed to Krutch what little I understood of that humane and profoundly humble attitude toward the world we live in, that moral, intellectual, and aesthetic response which he, like Albert Schweitzer, called “reverence for life.”

As I pondered the impact of Krutch’s thinking on my life—I had given up hunting, for example, after reading *The Great Chain of Life* and experiencing an overwhelming sense of shame at having killed game birds for so many years in the name of sport—Grant Road, meanwhile, continued to stretch endlessly east. On every side were banal examples of urban sprawl, what Krutch himself had despairingly labelled “the sloburbs,” the dismal procession of look-alike gas station, motel, car lot, bar, hamburger stand, and tract house. Ironically, they had all but engulfed him.

At last, in accordance with the verbal directions he had given me, I spotted the rural delivery type of mailbox, simply lettered “J. W. Krutch,” so I pulled into the driveway just beyond. The house, set back some distance from the street and shielded from it by a tall row of bushes, was an attractive, though modest one-story concrete block affair with a rock roof and the same crank-out casement windows which were typical of my own home. Stepping out of the car, I noticed over by the garage a reminder of the occupant’s abiding interest in the outdoors—a wheelbarrow containing a pair of garden

shears, soiled work gloves, and a practical broad-brimmed straw hat for the intense Arizona sun.

Walking up to the door with a bulging attache case in either hand, I felt embarrassingly like the Fuller Brush Man, however literary my wares. The first response to my knock was a woman's voice softly calling, "Joe," and a moment later the door opened. I introduced myself to Joseph Wood Krutch, shook the hand he offered warmly, stepped inside as invited, and was shown into the living room and to a chair. Mrs. Krutch, Marcelle, never appeared, preferring to stay in a back part of the house while her husband coped with the "fan" who, I fear, somewhat brazenly had come to intrude on their time.

My host was a man in his middle seventies, but one who still radiated great physical energy from a large and healthy frame. I had expected, I suppose, more of the frailty that comes with advanced age. But, even his fingers, which held a cigarette with remarkable delicacy and tentativeness during much of our interview, showed a strength that was as accustomed to grappling with weeds as with pencils.

He was dressed in light brown slacks and a long-sleeved checkered sport shirt buttoned all the way up to the neck. The shoes were comfortable and soft, the kind that would have been as appropriate for the deck of a boat as they were here in the middle of a desert.

His moderately tanned face wore a smile much of the time, not the wide, expansive sort but rather more reserved, more inner, more sincere. The forehead, long the victim of a receding hairline, was prominent, as were the ears and nose. Behind the thick round lenses of his glasses were a pair of keen eyes, obviously accustomed to looking at things carefully. A full, grizzled mustache rolled about in a fascinatingly mobile way on his upper lip as he spoke.

I was hospitably offered a drink of scotch or bourbon, but declined on account of the hour and also because of my annoying proclivity for headaches when tippling in the middle of the day.

Later, when I saw on the sideboard in the dining room that Krutch had already filled the ice bucket and set out glasses in anticipation of my arrival, I regretted having turned him down. I suspect now that he himself might have relished a drink, but my short-sightedness and his unerring gentlemanliness combined, alas, to disappoint his thirst. And so we talked.

"You're from Claremont aren't you?" he began, launching us easily into conversation. "I was there myself many years ago as a visiting lecturer. I remember how much the college campus reminded me of New England, with everything green and the many old trees. It is still that way?"

"Yes, pretty much," I replied, going on to describe how most of the orange groves in the surrounding area had been bulldozed to make way for housing developments.

Krutch nodded, rather wistfully I thought. "The same change is happening here in Tucson, too. You saw what it was like driving out. When we first moved here, though it is hard to believe, we were almost alone, only a few neighbors and lots of desert to roam in."

His home, regrettably, had indeed become an island of just a few acres, as the city's population seeped out to claim and largely to destroy the very solitude and natural beauty that had brought him here back in 1950. Looking out to the immense backyard through the sliding glass doors in the living room, I could see that he had lovingly left his little bit of land untouched, natural, the way he had found it. Here, with the beautiful Catalina Mountains in the background, he could walk and mercifully preserve the illusion of a limitless desert landscape.

I asked him why he didn't move away. His reply, though spoken casually and without a trace of self-pity, moved me by its poignancy. "When you are my age," he said, "it's better not to be too far from a hospital."

We spoke of many things that afternoon in the comfortable room where we sat, a room with an atmosphere made vibrantly personal

by a collection of choice books, colorful Navajo rugs, and the countless other artifacts on the walls, on the shelves, and on the tables that were a testament to my host's catholic, yet discriminating taste.

The most common theme in our conversation was ecology and other related matters. Having authored a book on the Grand Canyon, acted as the host-narrator of a television special featuring this natural wonder, and as an Arizonan by adoption at least, Krutch was apprehensive over the fate of Grand Canyon National Park. Two dams, Hualapai and Marble Canyon, had recently been proposed for the area. Advocates of the dams said that they would generate vitally needed electrical power and also provide water for Arizona's farmers. But Krutch realized that such monumental tampering would destroy the living Colorado, the very force that had created the Grand Canyon in the first place. "Is there nothing that man will keep his hands off of?" he said, forgetting his grammar momentarily in the depth of his feeling. "Our country is unbelievably affluent, but what's it all worth if we can't afford to recognize the value of that kind of beauty?" Perhaps the greatest threat represented by the dams, he believed, was the fact that if they were accepted for Grand Canyon then a precedent would be established for similar incursions elsewhere, including the other supposedly sacrosanct national parks.

Even his own state was unlikely to oppose the dams, he frankly admitted. His friend, Congressman Morris Udall, was actively campaigning for them. Furthermore, Arizona's attitude toward its unique characteristics had always been rather "more careless than that of most states." In a bit of insight derived from his own sad experience of living in a changing Tucson, he concluded that "Arizona has been conspicuous in its preference for billboards over scenery." But he quickly went on to say that this same observation, unfortunately, was true just about everywhere.

Our nation's expensive and whole-hearted involvement in the space race was another topic of great concern for Krutch. "I haven't

heard any arguments yet," he declared, "that seemed to me to justify the enormous expenditure of time, money, and brains spent on going to the moon. Other things ought to have a stronger claim on our attention, such things as relieving the sufferings of the poor, studying the problems of population growth, and controlling pollution here on earth."

As a Sierra Club member of long standing myself, I shared these convictions. This man, however, had been among the first to suggest that America might be misplacing its wealth and its priorities. I, like others, had only picked up the cue later. "Perhaps one of the reasons why we are so attracted by the problems of space exploration," he continued, "is that getting absorbed in them helps us forget the more difficult problems lying right here at our feet."

Listening to him talk in a voice which still bore traces of his Tennessee birth three-quarters of a century before, I was suddenly struck by the similarity between this remarkable man's life and that of another eloquent spokesman for the natural world, Henry David Thoreau. Krutch had long been an admirer of the cranky non-conformist from Concord, in fact had written an outstanding biography of him. Significantly, both had lived in New England, had been teachers, had eschewed city life, and had become avid students of nature, recording their observations in enduring prose. Was it really far-fetched, I wondered, to think of *The Desert Year* as the Southwest's answer to *Walden*?

In terms of their respective philosophies, too, I have come to realize more and more that there is an equally notable kinship between Joseph Wood Krutch and the "self-appointed inspector of snowstorms." Each views science with considerable suspicion, downgrades the economic motive in man's existence, and believes that the good life can be achieved by heightening one's awareness and understanding of nature. Both men also display a passion for wise, joyous, and honorable living, while the value of simplicity is a common theme in all of their writing. For me, on the other hand,

Krutch and Thoreau most resemble one another in their intense personal integrity—the incredible honesty of thought and feeling that one encounters on every page.

"I have always been interested in him and in nature," Krutch responded to my inquiry about the extent of Thoreau's influence on his own thinking. "He struck a sympathetic chord in me, I guess, particularly his idea that we are all in this world together. I must have quoted it in at least a dozen or more of my essays, but there is that marvelous phrase from *Walden*: 'This curious world which we inhabit is more wonderful than it is convenient; more beautiful than it is useful; it is more to be admired and enjoyed than used.' As much as anything else, I suppose, it was this idea—the very heart of Thoreau—which led me to a kind of pantheism and an escape from the rock bottom pessimism I was feeling when I wrote *The Modern Temper*. Have you read it?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well then, you know what I mean." He paused thoughtfully for a moment then smiled and said, "But good heavens, just like a typical old fogey I've been doing all the talking. Tell me something about yourself."

Actually I was glad he had carried the conversation thus far, for the initial uneasiness I had felt in coming out to see a distinguished man of letters who was nearly forty years my senior had vanished gradually under the spell of his charm and his warmth. And so, perhaps to flatter him, perhaps just to say thank you, I told him of how his thinking had ultimately touched and altered my own life.

From the moment I received my first shotgun at the age of twelve (I began relating to my host as he settled back in his chair and began to listen) hunting had been a passion. It was no longer the summer vacation that I looked forward to as a schoolboy, but rather fall and the commencement of dove season, then pheasant and quail, and at last duck. During the other months of the year, from February to September, I either prowled the neighboring hills for lowly rabbits

or else read my way through stacks of *Field and Stream*, *Sports Afield*, or *Fur, Fish and Game*, vicariously stalking moose in Alaska, trapping muskrat in Missouri, or crouching low in a blind in Saskatchewan as a flock of snow geese circled my decoys warily.

No less important than the sport and adventure which hunting provided, I went on to explain, was the close relationship with my father that evolved. A new kind of bond brought us together as we shared the pleasures and hardships of tramping through fields of kaffir corn in the hot sun, or sloshing through mud and waist deep water in the early morning hours before sunrise with the wings of thousands of waterfowl whistling overhead in the dark sky.

When I went away to college, however, there were fewer opportunities for us to hunt together. Perhaps, too, I had already begun to be interested in other things. But it took a fateful encounter with your book *The Great Chain of Life*—I believe it was during my sophomore year at Pomona College—to mark forever the end of my killing of animals for sport. I was profoundly moved, in particular, by the chapter called “Reverence for Life,” feeling such overwhelming shame and guilt that I swore never to hunt again. I even sold my shotgun as a symbolic gesture.

To this day my father fails to understand the change in my attitude. Once, in an effort I imagine to recapture some of the things we had once shared, I agreed to go out with him once more to the duck blind, armed this time with only a camera. As a mixed flock of sprig and widgeon circled above, I was placed—thanks to you—in a pretty difficult moral situation. I had to decide whether to remain still, thus helping to lure the quarry into the range of my father’s twelve gauge shotgun, or else to move “accidentally” and thereby frighten them away to safety. As it turned out, I compromised by sitting motionless but fervently hoping that the ducks would keep their distance or that my father’s aim would prove faulty.

“And what happened?” Krutch asked curiously.

“He got two.” And we both laughed.

My listener had been charmed by the story, attentive all the while, and maybe just a trifle flattered at the way some of his germinal ideas had taken root in at least one of his readers.

By this time I felt I had intruded long enough on Krutch's afternoon, so we adjourned to the dining room for the signing of the books. Stacked on the table they made an imposing pile: *Samuel Johnson*; *The Twelve Seasons*; *The Best of Two Worlds*; *The Desert Year*; *The Voice of the Desert*; *Grand Canyon*; *The Forgotten Peninsula*; *If You Don't Mind My Saying So*; *And Even If You Do*; *The Great Chain of Life*; *The Measure of Man*; *More Lives Than One*; and *Baja California: The Geography of Hope*; not everything he wrote, but some of the best.

As he began to inscribe each volume, I could see that he was genuinely pleased, maybe slightly embarrassed, not only that someone had bought and collected so many of his works, but also that he had been asked to autograph them. Seeking him out in this distant part of the Southwest had not been presumptuous at all. He felt honored.

The inscriptions all read the same way: "For Tony Lehman, With best wishes, Joseph Wood Krutch, Tucson, 1968." I must confess that I was surprised and vaguely disappointed at such an uninspired, prosaic statement. From such a man I had expected more. But after all, I consoled myself, the real wealth of language was there between the covers where it should be, not on the flyleaf.

We chatted briefly and inconsequentially after the last book had been signed and stowed once again in its attache case. Then, even more like friends this time, we shook each other's hand and said goodbye. Pulling out of the driveway, I chanced to look in the rear-view mirror and saw him wave from his doorstep. But before I could wind down the car window to return his farewell, he had disappeared inside.

Two years later Joseph Wood Krutch was dead of cancer. A planet progressively blighted with population and pollution had

lost its greatest spokesman for the beauty, the meaning, and the joy to be found in nature.

As I write these last words, a mockingbird in a flowering locust tree outside my window is indulging itself in an orgy of song. The soft rain showers of the past few days appear over. The sun feels warm and good again through a gap in the breaking cloud cover. If I find my world at all a more wonderful and engaging place than before, I owe it to a most remarkable, wise, and gentle man.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of The Book Club of California was held Tuesday, March 21, at 11:30 a.m. in the Club Rooms. President John W. Borden presided. Reports covering the year's activities were given. Both the president's and treasurer's reports demonstrated that The Book Club had a successful year, and the president expressed his appreciation to officers, directors and committee chairmen for their support.

Of the five directors whose terms were expiring Mrs. R. F. Ferguson was not eligible for re-election and Duncan H. Olmsted had declined re-nomination. Mr. Harry R. Goff, Mr. David Magee and Mr. Norman H. Strouse were re-elected and Mrs. David Potter and Mr. Warren R. Howell were elected, thus completing the slate of directors for the term expiring March, 1975.

Following the Annual Meeting the Board of Directors met for election of officers. Mr. John W. Borden was re-elected president, Mr. Wm. P. Barlow, Jr., was re-elected Treasurer, and Mr. Warren R. Howell was elected vice-president.

The following committee chairmen were appointed to serve for the current year: *Publications*: Sanford L. Berger, *1973 Keepsakes*: Harry R. Goff, *House*: Mrs. Harold A. Wollenberg, *Library*: Norman H. Strouse, *Exhibit*: Albert Sperisen, *Membership*: Joseph M. Bransten, *Finance*: Wm. P. Barlow, Jr., *Quarterly News-Letter*: David Magee.

BOOK REVIEWS

EDWIN GILCHER. *A Bibliography of George Moore*. Dekalb, Illinois:

Northern Illinois University Press, 1970, xiv + 274 pp. \$15.00

George Moore, the Victorian novelist whose behaviour set him aside from his contemporaries, is being reconsidered by scholars and collectors on the basis of his contribution to English literature. One of the high-points of this revival is the publication of Mr. Gilcher's book. It is the first bibliography of Moore's works which approaches completeness as a record of his various literary accomplishments.

The bibliography is divided into five sections: I. Books and Pamphlets, II. Contributions, III. Periodical Appearances, IV. Translations and V. Miscellanea. A modest history of previous bibliographical studies on Moore's writings and a statement of format are included in the Preface.

The first and longest section, Books and Pamphlets, "contains descriptions of all titles associated with Moore, including early works excluded by him from the canon of the Carra and Uniform editions, his translation of *Daphnis and Chloe*, the *Anthology of Pure Poetry*, which he edited, several volumes of letters, and occasional printings and pamphlets." (Preface, p. xi). Titles are arranged in chronological order and are assigned capital letters and numerals in the style of the Soho bibliographies. Detailed collations and notes provide reliable and comprehensive documentation for each item. Special attention is devoted to editions which were revised or re-written by Moore.

Although the fundamental points relating to the printing and publishing history of Moore's writings are included, a few variants have been omitted. For instance, in listing *A Mere Accident*, Mr. Gilcher notes that some copies contain an inserted thirty-two page catalog dated March 1887. Other copies, however, have been found with the catalog dated September 1887 and are probably later issues of the first edition. Another omission is the lack of any reference to

the four page playbill printed in 1911 for the Apollo Theatre performance of the drama *Esther Waters*.

One of the complex titles in the Moore *corpus* is the 1905 symbolic novel *The Lake*. Mr. Gilcher states that at least one copy, in the collection of Sir Rupert Hart-Davis, contains a leaf preceding the half-title leaf with publisher's lists on both sides. The presence of this leaf of advertisements is uncommon but not as rare as Mr. Gilcher implies. Some ex-circulating library first editions of *The Lake* have this leaf announcing new publications.

In section II, Contributions, Nancy Cunard's book, *GM: Memories of George Moore* is mentioned but there is no indication that the final chapter of her book was excluded and published for the first time in 1968 as Appendix B to Daphne Fielding's volume *Emerald and Nancy*. The chapter is important for it presents an episode which links Nancy with Moore's composition of the conclusion to his novel *Ulick and Soracha*.

Moore's contributions to periodicals were numerous and in the case of early articles they were often unsigned. The identification of his first appearances in serial publications is more complete than the recording of later contributions. For example, the July 1924 issue of *The Bookman* (New York), which has a four page interview with Moore by Ernest Brennecke, is not listed.

The section on translations covers thirteen foreign languages and includes each title briefly, often in short title form. Section V. Miscellanea, comprises notes on sixteen titles which were either never completed or never written by Moore. Mr. Gilcher's comments are excellent and should effectively terminate further conjecture over the existence or authorship of literary efforts attributed to Moore.

Despite a few misprints and the minor omissions mentioned above, this bibliography is a significant guide to the study of Moore's works. It should be in the library of anyone who is seriously concerned with Victorian literature.

FLORIAN J. SHASKY

ERWIN N. THOMPSON. *Modoc War: Its Military History and Topography*. Sacramento, Argus Books, 234 p. \$12.50

The much-touted reprint revolution has often proved a disappointment because of the choice of historical material brought back into print and the clumsy handling of it. A photo-offset republication of an old steam-press reminiscence or mugbook, without benefit of introduction and annotation, can be a dubious bargain. These are a far cry, let us say, from Lew Osborne's excellent Ashland titles.

One "revolutionary" besides Lew is not falling into the photo-offset trap. Herb Caplan, Sacramento antiquarian bookseller, is now the publisher of Argus Books. His first title is an excellent choice, a very scholarly, very detailed, account of Captain Jack's war in the Lava Beds during 1872-73. It is blessed with excellent maps, copious notes, and interesting photos which, alas, are only so-so reproductions because of unclayed stock. The book will be too detailed for casual readers, perhaps, but for serious students of the Far West and its Indian wars, this is a "must." It should be shelved alongside Keith Murray's *The Modocs and Their War* and, hopefully, the reviewer's own *Burnt-Out Fires*, a popular overview of the Modoc War scheduled for fall 1972 publication by Prentice-Hall.

The book is well made but the design is not distinguished. In fact, it looks a bit textbookish. Curiously, there are 188 numbered pages but a full 234 pages of text, notes, and maps—a bigger bargain in quantity of material than the physical description of the volume might suggest. The work was originally an in-house, intramural, study of the Modoc War for the National Park Service, issued in a small edition. This reviewer hopes that Mr. Caplan will ransack the files of state and federal parks and recreation agencies for similar publishable manuscripts for a wider audience than a handful of bureaucrats, planners and "interpreters" of historical monuments. Skilled historians of the likes of Utley, Hussey and Rogers have turned out similar studies. Perhaps it is time these were explored and considered for "public" publication.

RICHARD H. DILLON

GALLIMAUFRY

THERE is more than just circumstantial evidence to show that William Morris did not print directly from the Burne-Jones wood engravings—particularly in the *Chaucer*. The first clue was at the Sotheby sale of Sidney Cockerell's library, 1956, lot 43, pages 18-19. On page 19 the catalogue reproduces a proof-illustration used on page 156 of the Chaucer with Morris' notation . . . “*the block is determined to warp—Walker had better electro it . . .*” Well, this could have been one instance, and, under the circumstance, a justifiable one. But, recently when this reviewer was installing the Goudy show in the Club rooms, he ran into a comment made by Goudy, which is conclusive. In an article, Goudy talks about a personally escorted tour of the Kings Library in the British Museum by Alfred Pollard. On asking Mr. Goudy what he especially wanted to see, Goudy asked if he could see and handle the wood blocks from the Kelmscott Chaucer which the Trustees of the Press had lodged in the Museum not to be printed again for the space of one hundred years. Goudy adds: “*Imagine my pleasure (and consternation) when, a few minutes later, a cart was wheeled up, piled with engraved blocks, still black from electrotyper's graphite . . .*” (!)

A.S.

THE Book Club *Keepsakes* for 1971 related to mining certificates. Keepsake number three of the series, entitled “Derbec Blue Gravel Mining Company,” told the story of gold mining in Nevada County. Members might like to know about the developer. *Etienne Derbec* founded the first permanent French newspaper in San Francisco, the *Echo de Pacifique*. For many years he was well known as a publisher or editor of French newspapers. Derbec had mining interests at various times in Nevada, Colorado and New Mexico, as well as California. The Derbec mine in Nevada County, produced from one to two million dollars, however its founder Derbec's last days were far from prosperous.

FROM Director Norman Strouse, we have received an "addendum" for his *C-S/The Master Craftsman* (see Spring Quarterly, 1970). In sending this to the Club, Mr. Strouse writes: "When I discovered that Stella, the daughter of T. J. Coben-Sanderson was still alive and living in France, I exchanged several letters with her. In one of her letters, she comments on the book we produced about her father and, about the relationship between her father and Emery Walker.

In collaboration with Leonard F. Bahr, a little pamphlet has now been produced which includes Stella's letter to me, the last letter her father wrote to her before his death, and certain corrigenda to the monograph of John Dreyfus in our original book."

The title for this altogether charming pamphlet is simply *A Letter from Stella* which has, as Mr. Strouse says, been printed by Leonard Bahr at his Adagio Press at Harper Woods, Michigan. The Club is indeed happy to include this extension to the original C-S book.

THE work of The Allen Press (Lewis & Dorothy Allen) was on display through April 10 in the exhibit hall of The Grolier Club, New York City. This 'one-man' show comprised all of their books produced on the handpress, including the recently completed *Christopher Columbus* by Nikos Kazantzakis. Also exhibited were some of the hand-printed ephemera.

JOINING THE CLUB. Since we enlarged the membership there is now little difficulty in joining the Club. Before, there was usually a wait of from eighteen months to two years. If you have a friend who wishes to become a member of the Book Club of California just ask the Secretary to send him or her an application. The applicant must be sponsored by a member of the Club.

THE Stanley Morison book show which the Club exhibited during September last year, has been loaned for exhibition to the Research Library at U.C.L.A. from April 3 to June 18. The arrangements for this exhibition were made by Jacob Zeitlin and Ward Ritchie.

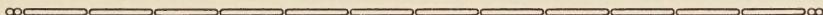
ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

The following have been elected since the publication of the Spring News-Letter:

Member	Address	Sponsor
Mrs. Frank V. de Bellis	San Francisco	Sheilah Casey
Jacob J. Foster, M.D.	Salinas	Joseph Shebl, M.D.
Joseph L. Rigatuso, PhD.	Chicago, Illinois	University of Minnesota
Bernard M. Rosenthal	San Francisco	David Magee
Max Strassman	Palo Alto	Charles Y. Grey

The two classifications of membership above Regular Membership are Patron Memberships, \$100 a year, and Sustaining Memberships, \$35 a year. The following have changed from Regular to Sustaining membership:

Mr. Francis L. Cross	Orinda
Mr. Alfred Kennedy	San Bruno
Mr. Lawton Kennedy	San Francisco



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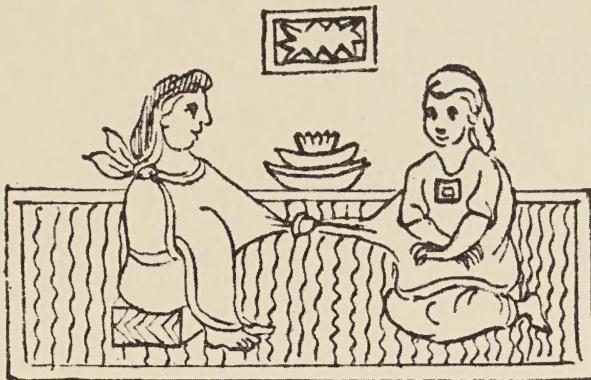
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TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY SEÁN GALVIN

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